

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

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SIERRA MADRE HONORS HER SERVICE MEN.

Reception and Banquet at Woman's Club House, a Great Success.

The Service Men's Banquet and reception at the Woman's Club House last Saturday night, more than fulfilled the hopes of the House Committee of the Red Cross society in every way, and it was with complete satisfaction that the ladies who had worked so hard witnessed the program go through without one single little hitch.

The Banquet

Three cheers, thrice three cheers—one for the red, white and blue, one for our dear returned boys, and one for Sierra Madre, whose royal greeting to them both on Saturday night left no vestige of doubt as to the city of their welcome home. The banquet and all its attendant features, given at the Woman's Club House under the supervision of the House Committee of the Red Cross, was a unprecedented success, and much credit is due those whose heads and hands made it possible to furnish our soldiers with the best there is.

The club house decorations, which were most beautiful and appropriate, were attained by a combination of red, white and blue flowers banked by bewildering clusters of greenery and a variety of fern. To Mesdames Lawless, Camp, Carhart and Ferris, is due the success of this feature of the entertainment. Draped gracefully from the massive overhead beams of the assembly hall were the grand old stars and stripes, and the flags of the allied nations, and grouped beneath were the banquet tables, flowers and sumptuous food. Mrs. Louis Dietz, whose efficiency in this feature of Sierra Madre's social successes, is well known, with an efficient committee, sustained her reputation.

The color scheme of red, white and blue was carried out in the table decorations and covers were laid for 75 guests, each of whom did service in one of the three wars, Civil, Spanish-American, or the recent horror. Favors in the form of miniature khaki tents in the top of which were tiny flags, covered boxes of home-made

candy, prepared by the loving hands of mothers and sisters of "The Boys." When the guests were all assembled at table, C. W. Jones offered a toast in the form of a silent prayer for the two brave boys, Roger Lawrence and James Sparks, who did not come back. A bevy of Sierra Madre's prettiest buds, under the supervision of Mrs. W. H. Ingraham, whose authority they all love, flitted here and there, daintily serving the many courses of a banquet which we rate second to none ever served in our city before. The House Committee of the Red Cross, which includes ladies whose reputation in the art of culinary has been tried many, many times and never found wanting, together with an able corps of assistants, made this most interesting feature of the evening a success. Following is the menu, which will dispell any doubt as to the boys having been well fed:

Menu

Olives	Fruit Cocktail	Jelly
Roast Turkey	Mixed Pickles	Dressing
Mashed Potatoes	String Beans	Brown Gravy
String Beans	Lemon Sherbert	Rolls
	Combination Salad	
Coffee	Pie-a-la-mode	Candy

While the banquet was being served a splendid series of cabaret numbers were given by Sierra Madre local talent (which is indeed superior to that of most cities the size of our own) under the splendid direction of Mrs. H. T. Hauxhurst.

Program

1. Orchestra, (a) "Sam and You;" (b) "Mammy's Lullaby;" Will Olsen, violin; Stafford Sadler, saxophone and drums; Esther Olsen, piano.
2. Trio, "Neath the Autumn Moon," Mesdames Hawks, Hauxhurst and Klunk; Mrs. T. H. Flather, piano.
3. Song and Dance, (a) "You and I;" (b) "Johnny's Come Home;" Misses Williams, Walker, Skvarla, Preston and Sperry, with orchestra.
4. Ballad, "When You Come Home," Miss Helen Sadler, mezzo soprano; Mrs. Orval Kellogg, piano.
5. Ballet, Miss Margory Maughlin, Mr. Earl Adams; Mrs. Orval Kellogg, piano.
6. Saxophone Solo, "Peter Gink," Mr. Stafford Sadler; Miss Esther Olsen, piano.
7. Solo Dance, "Egyptian Fantasy."

Miss Helen Williams, with orchestra. 8. Trio, finale, Medley, War Songs, Mrs. Flather, piano.

The first number, orchestra selection, was indeed a pleasant surprise, many of our citizens having been unaware that Sierra Madre boasted of an orchestra so happily talented.

The second number, the trio of ladies who have many times before won honors on similar occasions, was indeed pleasing, and Mrs. T. H. Flather as their director and accompanist also deserves flattering mention.

The third number was one of the very most attractive of the evening and was whipped into shape by Miss Helen Williams, who herself made up one of the five dainty Misses who alternately tripped the light fantastic and sang popular airs, finally descending from the platform and tripping around among the tables, presented each guest at table with a pretty buttonaire.

The fourth number, solo by Miss Helen Sadler, with Mrs. Orval Kellogg at the piano, was beautifully rendered and the recognized talent and pleasing personality of each made their number indeed a pleasure.

The fifth number, a fancy dancing stunt, was by our very own professional talent. Miss Maughlin and Earl Adams, assisted by the perfect time of Mrs. Kellogg's accompanying, did the same turn they gave at the "Kinema" in Los Angeles and were most appreciatively received.

The sixth number showed Stafford Sadler to be an artist with a most promising future, and Miss Olsen a most talented accompanist.

Miss Helen Williams gave the seventh number with the ease and grace that is Miss Williams's own, and makes her dancing always a pleasure to witness.

The closing number, a medley, given by the ladies trio, was perhaps the crowning number of the program, and was most cleverly arranged and directed by Mrs. T. H. Flather as her contribution to the Boys' welcome home. The medley was a combination of the war songs of the three wars, and some strains of the music was composed by Mrs. Flather herself. The number was a fitting finale to as attractive a program as Sierra Madre has enjoyed for many months.

As soon as the program at the banquet was finished, director Webster waved his baton and our own Sierra Madre Band broke into an inspiring march, which was succeeded at intervals by other selections while the crowd was assembling and finding seats.

It was presumed that an ample number of seats had been provided on the lawn and parking in front of the club house, but as these were quickly filled, boxes and boards were procured and placed in the street. A little later it was necessary to add more of these improvised benches until they extended almost to the car tracks and even then a hundred or more people stood around the edges, and on the opposite side of the street while many occupied automobiles, of which 103 lined the two sides of the street in either direction from the club house.

For nearly an hour, between the banquet and the speaking, a buzz of voices with frequent bursts of laughter indicated the happy temperament of the waiting audience. Soldiers, sailors and marines, filtered through the crowd, or around its edges, waving a hand to a friend here, shouting an answer to a friend there, many times acknowledging, but more often pretending not to hear the words of congratulation hurled at them from

several points at once. And you could easily identify the mothers, yes, and the fathers, of the service men, by looking into their shining faces as their eyes, often dimmed with tears, followed "their boy" from place to place.

At 8:30 the lawn lights were darkened and C. W. Jones, president of the Red Cross society, stepped out on the front balcony, where he introduced the speakers in turn, often referring to some incident or characteristic of each one and more often calling them affectionately by their "nic-names" instead of their official titles.

Mayor Robert Mitchel spoke feelingly of the reason for the gathering together of our home people to do honor to our brave sons, not only present, but the absent ones as well, who were factors in suppressing the Hun beast, and when he called for a concert repetition of our allegiance to the flag every service man snapped to attention and with their right hands at salute, recited the words full voiced and without hesitation, while a quick-witted driver of a nearby automobile threw his spot-light on old glory floating at one end of the balcony. It was indeed a solemn and impressive moment.

Sergt. William H. Seeley voiced his appreciation for this public demonstration in behalf of himself and his comrades, and no one could doubt his sincerity when he told how glad he was to be permitted to return from a foreign land to his own people.

Lieut. J. Henderson Childs related the details leading up to and following the torpedoing of the troop ship Tuscania, by a German submarine. After describing their departure from the United States he told of the strong British convoy which met them on the other side and that their boat was herded in with Canadian, Italian and other troop ships, but that the submarines allowed all others to pass until the American boat, almost at the rear end of the line, came along and they torpedoed her. Lieut. Henderson speaks with a constant smile, but even that did not keep from the audience the horror of that tragic moment when life boats were lost, others crushed, and men were dropping into the sea, although he touched this part lightly, dwelling more at length on the generous, sympathetic, "motherly" treatment given the survivors by the good Scotch people, on whose shore they were wrecked. But the strong point emphasized by Mr. Childs, was that during the excitement of the explosion and the launching of the life boats, the raw, untrained Americans, most of whom had been soldiers for less than two months, stood at the posts to which they had been assigned, as cool and calm as if at drill rehearsal.

Sergt. Harvey H. Steinberger feelingly referred to the time he spoke to our people from the band stand a year ago, and how happy he was to be able to speak to them again. He spoke of the service men who went into the thing, those who came out, those who would later, and those who never would.

James George Norris gave an interesting account of hospital work, often with the big guns of both armies sending shells over their heads, and of the efficiency and skill with which our wounded were cared for.

Lieut. Charles L. Camp did not tell how he obtained the Croix de Guerre, but spoke earnestly of a subject pertinent to the future rather than the past. He reminded the audience that the war might have been finished

DESERTERS CAPTURED WITH STOLEN CAR.

Wrecked Machine on Lima Avenue and Tried to Steel Another.

Night Marshal Kellogg and Deputy Cox arrested a couple of automobile thieves here Monday night who proved to be deserters from the U. S. Navy. T. J. Miller of the U. S. S. Seattle and Leo Higgins of the U. S. S. Prairie, and with them a boy of about fifteen, Ralph Grace, of Long Beach. The story told piece meal by all three and put together follows:

Shortly after the big fleet arrived at San Diego the two sailor boys who gave their ages as 19 and 21 years, came ashore on leave and decided to desert and go to New York. They rented a room at the Long Beach Y. M. C. A. and each stole and outfit of clothes, throwing them out of a window. Leaving the building they secured the civilian clothes and finding seclusion in a barn, changed into them. Not having sufficient funds for the journey to New York they conceived the idea of driving through and succeeded in driving a Ford, belonging to R. B. Krebs, away from his home at 1221 Pacific avenue, Long Beach, without discovery.

Just how they picked up the boy, Ralph Grace, is not clear, but they took him along and used him to purchase needed supplies, while they remained outside the town. They drove through the outskirts of Los Angeles, through to Glendale and Eagle Rock, avoiding the state highways as much as possible, and came to Sierra Madre. Thinking there was a good road going east along the base of the mountains they drove up Liam Street. It came to its end, and in turning around the front wheels "buckled" under the car, throwing it against the curb and partially wrecking it.

Abandoning the broken machine, they loafed around till dark, then tried to steal another car belonging to Mr. Keys, formerly of this place, but now of Pasadena, who was spending the evening with his friend, Allen T. Gay, but the switch key they had taken from the other Ford would not

(Continued on last page)

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